ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

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THE CHRONICLE.

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By R. M. & A. C. FOLGER.

ARIC. C. FOLGER. ROBT. M. FOLGER.

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THE FARMER'S WOOING.

The daisies nodded in the grass, the buttercups were sleeping,
And just across the river sang the farmers at their reaping;
Upon the hills, so blue and far, the maple leaves were showing
Their soft white beauty in the breeze that from the sea was blowing.
A little maid came through the lane, with song and rippling laughter;
The buttercups made way for her, the daisies nodded after.
A strong young farmer saw her pause beside the parting river;
She drew a lily from its depths with golden heart-a-quiver.
"Thou art more fair than lilies are," said he with head up-lifted,
And threw a poppy, as the stream toward the maiden drifted.
She set the flowers in her hair, the red and white together;
A cloud grew black before the sun, and rainy was the weather.
He came across the river then, the farmer from his mowing;
He minded not the water's depth, he cared not for its flowing.
"O love!" said he, "if gleaming sun and cloudless skies o'erlean us,
The river's barring width may roll unpassed, untried between us;
But when loud thunder fills the air, and clouds and rain come over,
I'll cross the ocean to your side, I am no fair-day lover!"
And so one day the village bells rang out across the river;
Their music set the buttercups and daisies all a-quiver,
While some one drew a lily from the stream so blithely flowing,
And plucked a blood-red poppy-thal amid the wheat was growing;
The maiden set them in her hair, the red and white together,
With many smile, a tear or two, and glances at the weather.
They passed beneath the chapel's shade, the farmer and the maiden,
Where arches crossed above their heads, with snow blossoms laden,
And in that place of holy calm the binding words were spoken;
He in his heart bore out the truth, she on her head the token.
The years went by, and some were bright and some were clouded over,
But ever stood he at her side—he was no fair-day lover.

JOHN'S WIFE.

Whatever possessed Brother John to go up to the city and marry that yellow-haired, blue-eyed bit of a school girl, when he could have had just his pick of girls nearer home, was something I could not understand. There was Lida Handscombe, just dead in love with him, as anybody could see, and the best bread maker in the whole country, beside taking prizes at the State Fair for pickles and jellies, and ever so much better looking, too, than Myra. No yellow bangs over her eyes; she just combed it back off her face and did it up in a hard knot that staid. She sent John a birthday cake, and knit him a comforter, and everybody thought it would be a match, but John said he didn't like her eyes; they were handsome eyes, to my idea, and could look you through and through, they were that clear and bright; but did you ever know a man to take advice? "Marry that ferret," said John, "and never have any peace of my life; well, I guess not!" and with that off he goes to town and telegraphs back, "Expect me and my wife." Dear! such a shock as it gave me, and our spring cleaning not done, and the minister coming to board with us while his wife went home on a visit—it was a trial, you may be sure!

And when she did come, it was more like having a wax doll in the way than anything else, with her big wondering eyes, and childish ways, and silly questions, and hanging on John's arm, and leaning over John's chair, with two little insignificant feet in the rungs at the back, and her clothes! Such fallals, just like a doll's rigging, and I just set my foot down that if she was to live with us, she must conform to our ways. I hadn't been forty years in this world for nothing. If she wanted to wear fine white laces and ruffled aprons, she had to wash and iron them herself. I wouldn't be her slave. And such silly questions as she asked, they just made me sick: "When did the cows shed their horns? Which cow gave the buttermilk? Were there any dear little yellow chicks?"

"Dear little yellow chicks, indeed! They were dear enough before we raised them and got their heads off and we had them ready for market, and if that silly child didn't sit down and cry because they were killed; said she had named every one of them and watched them grow up. And she was our John's wife! bah!

Then she did the silliest thing of all—went and bought a book called "What I Know About Farming," and used to sit out under a tree studying it by the hour; and one night, when she went down to the bars to meet John, I heard her ask:

"John, why don't you get a washing machine and a wringer, and save your own flesh and blood. Look at the blisters on my hands!"

And the next thing it was the talk of the neighborhood that we Elliots, who had set our faces against modern improvements, had given out before that little pale-faced thing, and not only got a wringer and washer in our kitchen, but several hundred dollars' worth of [illegible] said he could afford it, but I spoke my mind, and told her what I thought of it after he went out to his work. She looked kind of frightened, and pretended she was going to cry, and then she spoke up quick like and said:

"Sister Jane, it's a triumph of mind over matter. You can wash now, and not be all tired out, and sick and nervous, and—and—John can afford it."

Perhaps if I had known that she had paid for it all, and it hadn't cost John a cent, I might have been more forgiving, but I just straightened up and said:

"Mrs. Elliot, you may go on and ruin your husband with your boarding-school ideas, but, as for me, I'll never touch the things. I can work, thank goodness, while I've got my health. I wasn't brought up in idleness."

She never took it to heart a bit; the next thing I knew she was at the little parlor organ she had, singing and playing as if that was all there was in life.

And that silly old minister—men never do have a bit of sense, but you expect more of a preacher of the gospel—but he just sat and talked to her as if she was a companion for him, and they walked about the fields and stared down where John was working, and all around 'em souls a-perishing for want of the bread of life; such a sinful waste of time I never saw!

"Janet, do you love the hills?" she asked, one day when I was scouring the knives outside the door. She had offered to do them for me, but haw! her white hands were not fit for anything so useful.

"Love the hills! Well, I'd like to know what there is to love about them. I guess if you climbed them a spell you wouldn't love 'em much."

"They're so high and grand," she said, looking up at them; "they seem so near the cool, far-off heaven! I love to climb to the top and drink in the sweet, fresh air; it does me good here—here."

She laid her hand on her heart, and stood looking off with a strange expression on her face, and I thought maybe she was homesick, and I told her to go in and cut some carpet rags, and sew 'em together, and, would you believe it, she up and refused.

"No," she said, "I cannot cut any carpet rags. I hate them!"

I never saw her so excited before.

"A fine temper you have!" was all the answer I made her, but I never felt so insulted in all my life.

For a week or two I didn't see much of her; she was either out with John "sketching," as she called it, dabbling away at some bits of pasteboard with a lead pencil, or up in her room where I never went. She came down, singing away, with a large package in her hand, and soon John came up with the ponies, and they drove off to town together, laughing like two children. I hope none of the neighbors noticed them. Any way, they never saw him conduct himself in that way with me.

When they came home she was all tired out, and they had a big roll of stuff they dumped down in the entry.

"It's something for you, Janet," she said, laughing hysterical-like. "It's carpet-rags."

I unrolled it, and there were twenty yards of bright ingrain carpet!

"Myra," said I, "this is wicked extravagance," for I knew her money was all paid out.

"But it isn't," she said, laughing; "I earned it myself by drawing and painting those bits of sketches. I sold them all, and can sell all I can do. That was my way of cutting car et rags."

Well, we put the carpet down, and it did look pretty—though I didn't say so. It isn't my way to spoil anybody with flattery, and I saw John's wife was getting the upper hand too fast. The neighbors were beginning to notice her, and that foolish old minister, when his wife came back, had been over there; and she led the singing in church and pretended she had got religion, and all the time she never scrubbed a floor, or washed a dish, or put her hands to the churn.

"John can afford to hire help," she said to me one day, "and I'm not very strong, and my mother died of consumption." Then she began to cry like a baby, and John came in and looked at me as if it was my doing.

I must say she could succeed in doing all sorts of useless things—raising flowers in every nook and corner, making pets of all the animals, and painting, or playing on the organ. She was real ornamental, and I suppose some folks thought she was pretty. John did for one. I don't know that she made me much work either. She did her own washing as long as John would let her, and kept her room neat enough, though it was mostly littered up with flowers and birds and her sketches, and at first she sang from morning till night, and she did have a real lovely voice. I'll allow that, but after a while she didn't sing and didn't talk much, and then John began taking her meals up to her. The first time I saw him getting a tray ready, I said:

"It's a good thing you were brought up to be handy, John, seeing you've got an invalid wife."

He didn't say anything then, but a few days after he came to me and said:

"Janet, get a girl as soon as you can, and let Aunt Betsy come over and stay with Myra; she is nervous and low spirited, and needs company."

"Well, I suppose you've guessed the upshot of it all; a little daughter was born to John, and it seemed to me that a miracle was worked in the house. Perhaps I had never really loved John's wife—she was so different in her ways from me—but when I heard that baby cry, I felt thrilled to my very soul, and I just threw my work-apron over my head and cried for the first time in years.

Myra didn't get strong, and the day went on and still she didn't get up, and I felt it was my duty to go and tell her that she mustn't favor herself that way that she couldn't be ahead and let strangers take care of her child, and that she'd never get strong till she'd got out, but I made up my mind to speak in a gentler sort of way. I had been thinking it over and about concluded to let Myra live her own way and not try to make her over, especially since John seemed so well satisfied with her, and I went up-stairs and opened the door softly and stepped inside. John was standing at one window looking out at the sunset—it was all red and gold, and the room was in a flame. He turned as I came in, and the tears were rolling down his cheeks. I never saw John cry before since he was a grown man!

"What is it?" I whispered, going up close to him.

He made a motion with the back of his head in the direction of the bed. I went over there. Aunt Betsy was in a rocker by the side of it, reading the Bible. Myra was looking at the sunset, then at her baby's sleeping face. I'm not dull to see things, and I saw there what made my heart turn cold—it was the valley of the shadow of death!

That all happened these three years ago. There is a simple rustic cross up in the graveyard with "Myra" carved on it, and little Myra and I go up there every Sunday and carry flowers to decorate it, and the dear child sits in my lap and puts her blessed little arms about my neck and whispers: "Auntie, talk about my mamma in heaven," and I tell how patient and gentle she was, and how she sang and played, and how she shall do the very same thing some day—for I know, now, that flowers are as necessary to God's creation as the wood and grain, and the least little thing that makes sunshine in the world is of great value in the dark places, and I feel sure, when I look up to the hills she loved, that Myra has reached far-off heaven before me. Perhaps—perhaps, she will intercede for me there.

A TELEGRAPH STORY.

Mr. W. S. Johnson, the author of "Telegraph Tales," is responsible for the following story: "In the winter of 1870-71, one of the operators in the Western Union office at Boston had an epileptic fit. His medical attendant spoke to him, chafed him, and made every effort to arouse him, but in vain. Subsequently one of his fellow operators drew a chair up to the bed and took the patient's hand in his. As he did so he noticed a feeble pressure by the fingers, which pressure presently resolved itself into dots and dashes, faintly communicating to the tactile sense the words, 'W-h-a-t d-o-c-t-o-r-s-a-y a-b-o-u-t m-e?' Asked whether he could hear what was said to him, the patient signified assent by a slight motion with the tips of his fingers, and the result was that his fellow operator got from the patient enough dots and dashes to describe his feelings to the physician, who was thus enabled to apply the necessary remedies. It is certain that no other method of communicating was possible under the circumstances, since the sufferer from epilepsy, although he could hear, could neither speak nor move any of his muscles, except those situated in the digital extremities, and those only with the faintest requisite in electric communication."

A woman in Pottsville, Pa., went to her shed to get wood. She came across a piece of hemlock wood two inches in diameter and a foot in length, well adapted for firewood, which she split in two, and discovered that it had been bored with an auger from one end to the other, the hollow of which was filled with three minnie balls and muslin cartridges, such as were used in the old muzzle-loading rifles, each cartridge being wrapped in a piece of newspaper. The open end of the machine was then plugged up and carelessly daubed with mud. The person whose malice conceived the death-dealing machine threw it from an alley back of the house into the coal-bin, where it was found.

A Connecticut woman presented her son with a bed quilt made of hair cut from her own head. It will go down to posterity as a family heirloom.

A REPORTER'S WORK.

It is generally supposed by the world at large, says a sympathetic contemporary, that the lot of a reporter is happiness itself. He is envied by the rich and the poor, but especially by the boys during circus time, as he is supposed to "git in for nuthin'," which is a big thing in the eye of the gamin. There are those beside the gamin who think he wears a magic slipper that carries him safely past all doorkeepers and ticket-sellers; that he sports a charm about his throat that brings forth free beer and bug-juice ad libitum; that he has brass plated cheeks which are passports even into the skeleton-closet of the household, and that his conscience is pliable and his disposition so mercenary that it is but necessary to cross his palm with a few paltry shekels to turn his calumny into praise and his facts into fancies.

But alas and alack! Truth stripped of the imagery with which it is frequently clothed often times would not be recognized by its own mother. Behold the naked truth.

In order to get the facts with which to construct his numerous articles, he must travel, on an average, five miles a day, or an aggregate of 1,500 miles a year. During these perambulations he asks several thousand civil questions and gets several thousand uncivil answers; gets fired out of offices and houses; has dozens of doors slammed in his face; is asked 10,000 questions, and returns as many short but civil answers; gets in the circus once on a promise to give it a big send-off; is button-holed 1,300 times by parties who desire to impart a good item about themselves; is let into several political secrets by candidates, which are bare-faced boosts; is boosted by the same candidates because he didn't publish the secrets; is welcomed wherever his pencil will put money into people's pockets or give them a little notoriety. However, he pays 5 cents a glass for beer, full rates for board, top prices for clothes, either walks or pays full fare on street cars.

While others are enjoying the opera, the social party, the circus, prayer meetings, lectures, a game of poker, a turn on the roller skates or marching with a political club, the reporter is wrestling with a mass of chaotic facts and endeavoring to get them into shape for you to read while you quietly dispatch your good warm breakfast.

He gets to bed at 3 o'clock in the morning, and, between the annoyances of flies, noisy chambermaids and pencils of sunlight boring into his eyes, he does well to get seven hours' sleep by the time he is aroused at noon to get his breakfast.

At 1 o'clock he reports at the office and begins the same old round of duties. But, taking one consideration with another, the life of a reporter is not much worse than that of a street-car driver, after all.—*Oil City Derrick.*

ADVERTISEMENTS AS A NEWSPAPER FEATURE.

Good, fresh advertisements are not the least interesting and valuable portion of a newspaper. We have been told that a prominent New York journalist hoped to see the day when the profits on the circulation of his paper would be so large that he could dispense with advertising altogether. We think he is mistaken in his opinion of advertising and newspapers. Advertisements are news. They tell the readers what they want to know—where goods can be bought, what they are sold for, who has houses to rent or sell, who wishes to purchase real estate, where employment and labor can be obtained, and a thousand other things that they want to know. It is an error to suppose that only the editors and reporters supply news worth reading. The skillful advertiser furnishes a good share of it, and, if there are any readers who fail to look over the advertising columns of their paper, they miss a good deal of information that would prove valuable to them.

"A CENTIPEDE ON HER BED."

Two residents of Sacramento, Cal., were startled one night by screams proceeding from a room occupied by a lady member of the family. Inquiry elicited the information that "there was a centipede on her bed." The gas was at the time turned down very low, but the men could see the insect on the bed, and, doubling a towel several times, one of them cast it over the centipede, and clutched it tightly to prevent its escape. One of the gentlemen was somewhat of an amateur scientist, and desired ardently to preserve the centipede as a specimen. Accordingly the captured insect was carried in the towel to the drug store. The druggist poured chloroform on the towel to stupefy the creature, and to prevent the possibility of its escape, and one of the clerks stood by with an uplifted club to strike it should it attempt to get off. The towel was opened, and the expectant lookers on were astonished to find that all the fuss had been made over a little strip of calico.

VOLUBILITY AND ILLEGIBILITY.

The florid school of oratory never had a more brilliant representative than Rufus Choate. There were, however, two classes in the community who did not admire Mr. Choate as an orator—the reporters and the compositors. No matter how expert a phonographer a reporter might be, his nimble pencil could not keep pace with the velocity of Mr. Choate's elocution.

Quoting from "Othello," he once in Faneuil Hall used the words "O Iago! the pity of it, Iago!" Judge of the orator's surprise and the city's bewilderment, when they read in the next morning's paper, "Oh, I argue! the pity of it, I argue!" And yet the best phonographer in Boston reported that speech.

It is said that a Scotch printer left an Edinburgh office because he was baffled by Carlyle's manuscript, the most illegible of handwriting. Going to London, he found employment at a printer's. The first "copy" put into his hands was a manuscript of Carlyle's.

"What!" he exclaimed, "have you got that man in London, too?" and, seizing his hat and coat, rushed into the street.

Not a few Boston compositors have felt a similar impulse, as the foreman handed them a "take" of Mr. Choate's manuscript. Its marvelous illegibility once defied the deciphering power of an entire newspaper corps.

On a certain occasion Mr. Choate was expected to deliver a great speech. Public expectation was at fever heat. Knowing the failure of phonographers to report the rapid orator correctly, the editor of a Boston journal made arrangements with Mr. Choate to print the speech from his manuscript, and announced the fact.

The speech was delivered, and the manuscript sent immediately to the editor. But not a man in the editorial room nor one of the printers could make head or tail of the manuscript, and the excited public read in the next morning's paper an announcement of the inability, and that Mr. Choate's clerks were busy in making a legible copy of the speech for the press.

Some common, entirely harmless drugs may in certain combinations become dangerous explosives. A mixture of chlorate of potash, tincture of iron and benzine has exploded in a patient's pocket; and chlorate of potash, combined with catechu, used as a dentifrice, is likely to explode in one's mouth if much lively friction be made with the tooth-brush.

In the office of the Secretary of New Mexico, at Santa Fe, are deposited the most ancient official documents in the United States, running back nearly 100 years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. One of these historical treasures is a journal of the conquest of New Mexico in 1630, signed by Diego de Vargas and containing a full account of the campaign.

"My husband is a brute," declared Mrs. X. to an intimate friend the other day. "Why, my dear, what's the matter now?" "He found fault with a little vivacity of mine yesterday, and I threw a candle-stick at his head; then what do you suppose he did?" "I don't know." "Why, he stood before the mirror, so that I couldn't throw the other. The brute!"

The Brooklyn doctors examined a man to see if he was insane, and as they found six letters from other men's wives concealed in the lining of his coat, where his own wife had never found them, concluded that he was able to transact business.

A German philosopher has been experimenting as to the influence of intellectual labor upon the circulation of the blood. His observations show that the heart beats are increased two to three pulsations per minute. The greater the labor and the closer the attention, the greater the number of pulsations. Thus this philosopher discovers that the study of geometry, to which he had never given much attention, made his heart beat more rapidly than that of philosophy, with which he was already familiar. Concerning the effect of arduous love-making upon the heart beats he does not appear to have recorded any observations.

"The lurid flames shot their red tongues of fire high up toward the glowing heavens, as if they were, in their vengeful fury, endeavoring to scar the bright faces of the twinkling stars!" It was only a $50 stable, containing $25 worth of hay, but the reporter felt that way and really couldn't help it.

Prosperity is a more refined and sincere test of character than adversity, as one hour of summer sunshine produces greater corruption than the longest winter day.

It is a great art to keep yourself contented and happy, and it requires a great heart to make others so.

THE CHRONICLE.

BRIDGEPORT, MARCH 11, 1882.

SAN FRANCISCO AGENCY.—I. P. Fisher, 21 Merchants' Exchange, is our Agent, and is authorized to contract for advertising, receive subscriptions and make collections on our account.

A French paper says that an American edition of the Revised Bible is in circulation which is interleaved with pages of advertisements. This is the result of a self-appointed Commission presuming to make 36,000 changes from the Bible of our Fathers. As the Commission had a fat salary for ten years, it was a money proposition from the start, and this advertising dodge is in keeping with the other. The Revision wears ened Religion.

Queen Victoria is deeply moved by the world-wide demonstration of sympathy and horror at the attempt upon her life. The comments of the American press were telegraphed her fully. They were recognized adequately and privately commended, and the Standard and Telegraph distinguished themselves by the readiness with which hey acknowledged American sympathy.

The total number of blast furnaces and rolling mill manufactories and steel works in the United States in 1870, was 808; in 1880, 1,005. In 1870, the value of material used was $135,526,132; in 1880, $191,271,150.

A railroad passenger in Georgia took off his coat, the weather being warm, and the conductor ordered him to put it on. He refused and was put off the train. The Court has given $5,000 damages against the Company.

The New York Court of Appeals has decided that where damage to property results through the use of intoxicating liquors, the premises upon which it was sold is responsible.

The production of whisky for the year ending June 30th, 1881, was 117,710,150 gallons, of which Kentucky furnished 31,869,047, Illinois 30,001,408, Ohio 17,081,264, Indiana 8,992,417 gallons.

For the 8 months ending February 28, 553,884 barrels of flour, valued at $2,676,903; and the flour and wheat, reduced to wheat, 17,730,500 centals, valued at $28,845,900 were exported from San Francisco.

It is declared by parties interested in silk culture in the United States that silk has been grown and reeled in this country which is superior to the finest Italian article.

The Exposition cotton factory, at Atlanta, Ga., will start with 10,000 spindles, to be increased to 20,000, and with looms sufficient to weave the yarn for all spindles employed.

Twenty years ago Virginia paid New England $3,000,000 per year for cotton goods. Last year the Petersburg factories made over $7,000,000 worth.

The Columbus, Ga., cotton factories have a capital of $1,500,000, employ 2,589 hands, and use 18,000 bales per year.

A factory in Patterson, N. J., last year made 1,732½ miles of silk, 312 miles of dress goods and 1,420½ miles of ribbon.

Oil having been discovered in Germany, our export of petrolium will largely fall off.

There are seventeen tobacco factories in Petersburg, Va. The capital is $3,200,000, and more than 3,500 hands are employed.

The advance representatives of a colony of 3,000 Italian families have arrived in Arkansas.

Conkling has declined the nomination as Associate Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court.

The centennial birthday of Frederich Fraebel, the founder of the kindergarten system of teaching the young, is April 21.

Buoys painted with luminous paint are being placed in the Clyde.

Syracuse, N. Y., made over 27,000,000 cigars last year.

Oregon furnished 400,000 head of beef to the East last year.

A cotton seed oil factory is to be established at Ennis, Texas.

Recently 1,600 American revolvers were ordered for the South Australia police.

Northerners are to erect an immense car factory at Dalton, Ga.

In the United States over 700,000 shovels are yearly made.

Tuesday next is the centennial birthday of Thomas H. Benton.

The printers of St. Louis have struck for $3 a day.

United States Supreme Justice Miller is again very sick.

THE SOUTH.

"Coming events cast their shadows before." The shadows at the South protend a bright future for the Southern States, and none rejoice more over it than the Northern people. Had its people about forty years ago abandoned their free trade principles, adopted that of protection to American industries, fostered home manufactories, and encouraged immigration from the North and foreign lands, their section would not have been far behind its more enterprising and industrious neighbor as it was in 1860, it could hold its own without recourse to civil war, and to-day could vie with the North, whose example it is following with rapid strides. The Press of the North gladly chronicle the many and daily evidences of its patriotism, the allaying of sectional feelings, the establishment of manufactories of all descriptions, the hospitality extended to citizens of the North, and the welcome to foreign immigrants.

From all points comes cheering notes of the dawning of a new era in the Southern States; a regeneration—social, industrial and political. The building of railroads, cotton and woolen mills, car factories, iron and steel works, blast furnaces, rolling mills, plow and wagon works, the institution of silk culture, and many other enterprises will add immense wealth to the Nation, obliterate sectional lines, and more strongly cement the Union.

This new departure is fomenting political revolutions in those States; the events of to-day and those of the near future cast their shadows in the direction of Republicanism. To build and protect its home industries it must advocate and vote for the Republican candidates—the friends of the Protective Tariff. But, aside form these, there are other influences at work to accomplish the change; the emigration from the Republican States of Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin to Missouri; the colored race from South Carolina to Arkansas, the educated German and Scandinavian to Florida, Georgia and Texas, the Northerner to all, the investment of Northern capital, decay of Bourbonism, and the advent of a generation of young men who are progressive.

In this connection the Mobile Register, Dem., says: The Union sentiment at the South is overwhelming is evident from facts which cannot be questioned. The old Confederate soldier and his influence are on the Union. That old element of the people which under the compromise leadleaders of 1852, and which afterward, under Douglas and Bell in 1860, gave a majority of Southern voters for the Union, are more determined than of old to stand by the Republic as at present constituted. These elements alone would command a large majority of the Southern whites, but to these must be added the new and young blood of the South, the men of a later generation, who are rising up as rulers and law-givers. These men have no revenges to erase, no disappointments to enrage, and no ambitions which cannot receive within the Union and under the old flag a broarder and brighter glory than could ever be won in the restricted field of a miniature Republic.

DEATH OF LATHAM.—Hon. Milton S. Latham died at New York on Saturday last, aged 55 years. Mr. Latham had filled important National and State offices—member of the Legislature, Collector of the Port of San Francisco, Governor and U. S. Senator.

Under the caption "A Lively Political Corpse," the Albany Argus, Dem., says:

1879, Tammany elected Cornell.
1880, Tammany defeated Hancock.
1881, Tammany defeated the Democratic State ticket.
1882, Tammany gave the Legislature to Cornell and Republicanism.

The Kentucky Democratic Legislature has reapportioned the State on the basis of the white vote, ignoring the colored.

On account of the severe Winter the Los Angeles lime crop will be light.

NEW TO-DAY.

A ROYAL GENTLEMAN,

By JUDGE TOURGEE, author of "A Fool's Errand," "Tricks Without Straw," "Figs and Thistles," "The Invisible Empire," etc., showing the typical young Southerner before, during and since the war, together with his relations, personal, political and legal, with the typical SLAVE GIRL of beauty, intelligence and subsequent refinement. A thrilling story. As it is resting as "Uncle Tom's Cabin," but more intensely real. Large 1 mo of 538 pages, and 16 full-page illustrations. Price, $2 50; sold by subscription. Agents Wanted. Address A. L. BANCROFT & CO., 721 Market street, San Fransisco.

NOTICE.

LAND OFFICE AT BODIE, CAL.,
March 4th, 1882.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and secure final entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz: on Saturday, the 15th day of April, 1882, before the Register and Receiver of the Land Office at Bodie, California: Danfort O. Waltze for the N. W. ¼ Sec. 4, Township 4, North Range 25 East, M. D. M., and names the following as his witnesses, viz:—Jas. G. Thompson, Jos. W. Kingsley, B Peeler and Chas. M. Stewart, of Mono County, Cal.

mh11-5w JAMES E. GOODALL, Register.

NOTICE.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
Sacramento, Cal., Feb. 17, 1882.
TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A. CHARLES CARNEY, whose Postoffice address is Coleville, Mono County, California, has filed his notice of intention to offer final proof in support of his claim to the W. ½ of N. W. ¼ Sec. 14, and E. ½ of S. E. Sec. 15, Township No 7, North, Range No. 22 East, Mount Diablo meridian, embraced in Pre-emption Declatory Statement No. 7618, filed in said office on the 23d day of June, 1881, and names the following as his witnesses; Thomas J. Cochran, John M. Eustick, P. H. Willis, R. G. Watkins, all of Coleville P. O., Mono County; and that the 4th day of April, 1882, at 10 o'clock A. M., has been fixed as the time, and this office as the place for the hearing.

f25-5w EDW. F. TAYLOR, Register.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Go To

J. A. BROWN'S.

BRIDGEPORT,

And Get

BOOTS AND SHOES
HATS AND CAPS,
GLOVES, MITTENS,
UNDERWEAR AND OVERALLS,
CANNED GOODS, GROCERIES,
OILS AND CANDLES,
CANDIES AND NUTS,
CIGARS, TOBACCO,
AMMUNITION, ETC.,

AT RATES to SUIT the TIMES.

And oblige your's respectfully,

ja21tf JOE. A. BROWN.

HOTELS.

LEAVITT'S HOTEL.

H. L. LEAVITT.....Proprietor

BRIDGEPORT,

MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

THIS FIRST-CLASS HOTEL HAS SUPERior Accommodations for the traveling public and families.

Rooms large and airy.

Table supplied with the best.

H. L. LEAVITT,
Proprietor.

jy 5-tf

BARNETT'S HOTEL.

COLEVILLE, MONO COUNTY, CAL.,

Antelope Wagon Road, 50 miles from Carson City and 51 from Bodie).

D. M. BARNETT.....Proprietor.

The hotel is new, commodious, and pleasantly situated.

The table is supplied with the best the market affords.

The BAR is supplied with the best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Stabling and Blacksmith shop connected with the house. jc5-tf

BODIE HOUSE,

CORNERS OF MAIN, GREEN AND MILLS STREETS.

BODIE.

W. A. JOHNSON, Proprietor.

BOARD AND LODGING

$9

Per Week.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

KEMP & COLEMAN, Proprietors.

East Side of Main Street,

(Opposite Telegraph Office.)

BODIE, CALIFORNIA.

WE CLAIM FOR THIS HOUSE THAT IT is the best furnished and most complebe arranged of any in the State of California is our intention

To Supply a Want Long Felt in Bodie,

And provide our patrons with the VERY NEATEST and MOST COMFORTABLE sleeping apartments possible to be fitted up.

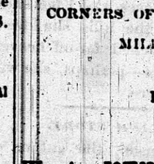
ROOMS SINGLE OR EN SUITE,

By the Day, Week or Month.

EVERYTHING in and about this house has been selected with a view to its utility, and no pains or expense has been spared in fitting up the rooms. A magnificently furnished reception room has been arranged for the reception of guests.

KEMP & COLEMAN,
Proprietors.

FORRESTER SUBMERGED PUMP



Is a Double-Acting Non-Freezing Force Pump. It is simple in construction, very durable, and not liable to get out of order. Having no packings but a water fabrication, the friction and wear of the parts are less than in any other Pump.

As a FORCE PUMP it is available for extinguishing fires, washing carriages, forcing water to distant points, filling tanks, etc. No timber is used in connection with this pump, as it can be held in place by a connection of the discharge pipe. Just the thing for general use. Dealers specially interested. Send for circular. Address

D. HAYS & BRO., Sole Agents,
For California and Nevada,
ja26-tf BRIDGEPORT, MONO CO., CAL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CAN CAN RESTAURANT,

Main Street, (Second door south of Ellis' News Depot)
BODIE, CAL.

This House is conducted upon the

European Plan.

And is

"The" Restaurant of Bodie.

The BILL OF FARE comprises all the delicacies to be found in the market.

EVERYTHING COOKED TO ORDER.

Game, Poultry, Fish and Oysters constantly on hand and served in the most approved style.

n25-tf GEORGE CALLAHAN.

UNITED STATES BAKERY AND CHOP STAND,

NO. 36 NORTH MAIN STREET BODIE.

WILMS & MILLER.....PROPRIETORS.

THE TABLE

IS SUPPLIED WITH THE BEST THE market affords, and prepared in good style Courteous attention given to all.

THE BAKERY

Is supplied with a fine assortment of bread, cakes, pies, etc. Parties and weddings furnished with cakes, etc., to order.

☞ Patronage Solicited. s4-tf

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(Loose's Building)
MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT.

The Choicest WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS at the BAR.

EBI, Agent.

MILLINERY!

MILLINERY AND MILLINERY GOODS AT REDUCED RATES

For a FEW WEEKS.

s24-tf MRS. A. C. McKINNON.

1882

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES

SUITED TO BOYS AND GIRLS OF FROM SIX TO SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

Vol. III. Commences November 1, 1881.

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

The YOUNG PEOPLE has been from the first successful beyond anticipation.—N. Y. Evening Post.

It has a distinct purpose to which it steadily adheares—that, namely of supplanting the vicious papers for the young with a paper more attractive, as well as more wholesome.—Boston Journal.

For neatness, elegance of engraving, and contents generally, it is unsurpassed by any publication of the kind yet brought to our notice.—Pittsburgh Gazette.

It weekly visits are eagerly looked for, not only by the children, but also by parents who are anxious to provide pure literature for their girls and boys.—Christian Advocate, Buffalo N. Y.

A weekly paper for children which parents need not fear to let their children read at the family fireside.—Hartford Daily Times.

Just the paper to take the eye and secure the attention of the boys and girls.—Springfield Union.

TERMS.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, Per Year, Postage prepaid, $1 50.

SINGLE NUMBERS, Four Cents each.

The Bound Volume for 1881 will be ready early in November. Price $3 00; postage prepaid. Cover for Young People for 1881, 35 cents; postage, 10 cents additional.

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SAMUEL FALES.....Proprietor

JUNCTION OF THE ANTELOPE AND SONORA WAGON ROADS.

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MONO COUNTY, CAL

This well-known and popular Summer Resort is pleasantly situated on the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains amid wild and picturesque scenery, which offers superior inducements for tourists. The best of accommodations for families, the rooms being large and airy. For invalids the

STEAM, MUD AND SWIMMING BATHS

are unsurpassed, speedy relief being effected.

The table is supplied with the luxuries of the season.

The best of Wines, Liquors and Cigars at the Bar.

Good Fishing in Walker River.

Commodious Stabling. my22-tf

ATTENTION.

ED. O. CRANE, St. Cloud Building, Corner F and Ninth Streets, Washington, D. C., collects Bounty and Back Pay for those entitled. Pension Claims prosecuted. Especial attention given cases before the General Land Office and Department of the Interior, Patents for inventors Solicited. Land Scrip and Soldiers Additional Homesteads bought. n27-tf

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co Portland, Maine.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Henry Hays. David Hays

D. HAYS & BRO.,

MAIN STREET, BRIDGEPORT.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,

Consisting of

GROCERIES, HARDWARE.

Provisions

Wines and Liquors.

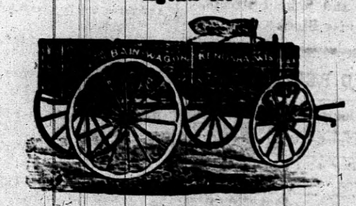
CLOTHING,

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES.

Paints, Oils, Sash, Windows, Doors and Glass.

BUCKEYE MOWERS and AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Agents for



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SUCCESSOR OF H. WARD.

I. O. O. F. Building, BODIE, Cal.,

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WALL PAPER and WINDOW SHADES.

Paints, Oils, Varnish and Glass.

UPHOLSTERY OF ALL KINDS TO ORDER

Undertaking a Speciality.

Coffin, Caskets, and Trimmings always on hand.

WM. NIMOCK, Manager.

J. W. Wright. Harvey Boone.

BOONE & WRIGHT,

(SUCCESSORS TO HARVEY BOONE)

Corner of Main and Green Streets, Bodie.

DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, CROCKERY, AND GLASSWARE, PURE WHISKIES, BRANDIES, WINES AND CIGARS.

Agents for Weiner's Milwaukee Beer, Ale and Porter.

1882

Harper's Magazine.

Illustrated.

"Always varied, always good, always improving."—CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, the most popular illustrated periodical in the world, begins its sixty-fourth volume with the December Number. It represents what is best in American literature and art; and its marked success in England—where it has already a circulation larger than that of any English magazine of the same class—has brought into its service the most eminent writers and artists of Great Britain. The forthcoming volumes for 1882 will in every respect surpass their predecessors.

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE	5 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,	
HARPER'S FRANKLIN SQUARE LIBRARY, One Year (52 Numbers)	10 00

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The volumes of the Magazine begin with the Numbers for June and December of each year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin the current Number.

A Complete Set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, comprising 63 Volumes, in neat cloth binding, will be sent by express, freight at expense of purchaser, on receipt of $2 25 per volume. Single volumes, by mail, postpaid, $3. Cloth cases for binding 50 cents, by mail, postpaid.

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GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfits furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. d31

BEST POTATOES!

HAVING PURCHASED THE POTATO Crops of the late Christian Telge, I will sell the same in lots to suit.

These potatoes are the best grown in Mono County.

JOSEPH CARNEY,
Coleville.

s26-tf

BEST business now before the public. You can make more money at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly Outfit and terms free. Money made fast, honestly and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Portland, Maine.

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Book for the asking!

By applying personally at the nearest office of the SINGER MANUFACTURING CO. (or by postal card if at a distance), any adult person will be presented with a beautifully illustrated copy of a New Book entitled

GENIUS REWARDED,

—OR THE—

STORY OF THE SEWING MACHINE,

containing a handsome and costly steel engraving frontispiece; also, 29 finely engraved wood cuts, and bound in an elaborate blue and gold lithographed cover. No charge whatever is made for this handsome book, which can be obtained only by application at the branch and subordinate offices of the Singer Manufacturing Co.

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A. A. THOMAS, Corner 9th and F streets, Washington, D. C., attends to PENSION and Back Pay. BOUNTY Claims collected. Contested Land CLAIMS, MINERAL and Agricultural, attended to before the Department of the Interior and Supreme Court. Rejected Claimants Purchased. n26-tf

TYPE METAL, BETTER THAN BABBITT For sale at this office.

THE UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, MARCH 11, 1882.

JOB PRINTING.—Job printing of the finest description will be furnished at this office at SAN FRANCISCO prices.

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

NOT GUILTY.—On the 9th, the trial of W. W. Barnes for an assault to murder L. E. Tubbs, commenced in the Superior Court, Department No. 1, Judge Briggs, presiding. The following was the jury: Thomas Kirkwood, Wm. T. Elliott, Moses Huntoon C. H. Crocker, P. G. Hughes, D. C. Evans, J. W. Pew, E. Manton, R. Chapman, H. Given, T. J. Obenchain, and John E. Summers. On Thursday last, after being out three hours, the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

CONVICTED.—On Wednesday the trial of Ze Park for assault to murder Chung Tan, commenced in the Superior Court, Department No. 2, Judge Wiggin, presiding; and closed yesterday with a verdict of guilty, the jury being out two hours. The jury was as follows: W. B. A Temple, D. F. Donnelly, I. Frankenberger, J E. Stewart, John Gildea, D. O. Waltze, L. Huntoon, S. Huntoon, Reason Barnes, H. Myers. N. B. Hunewill and W. H. Stanton. The prisoner will be sentenced on Monday.

THE SUNDAY LAW.—The Supreme Court has declared the Sunday Law constitutional, but we think it doubtful as to its being strictly observed in this county, public sentiment strongly opposing it. It will be an issue next November.

SNOW.—It commenced snowing on Thursday evening and continued until yesterday noon, leaving a deposit of eight inches on the streets, which, however, is melting.

PERSONAL.—T. W. W. Davies and wife arrived from Carson on Wednesday last. Mr. Davies has purchrsed the Parker residence, and will make this town his home.

DEEDS.—During the month of February, there were recorded in the County Recorder's office 47 deeds—16 real estate and 31 mining.

MORTGAGES—During the month of February 7 mortgages were recorded, and 0 released.

Transfers of Real Estate.

The following deeds have been recorded in the County Recorder's office:

A. Garrard to G. B. Cain, lot 8, block 15 Williams, $25.

N. Petcovich to Kirchbraun, Son & Co., south 50 feet of lot 34, block 20, and right of way and water, Bodie, $650.

J. M. Douglass to N. H. A. Mason, 1160 acres in sections 13, 18, 23, 24, 26, and 27, township 6, 22 and 23 east.

John F. Millner to Geo. Watterson, 360 acres in sections 20, 29, 30, t 2, s r 31 e, $1,817.

Morgan M. Sweeney to Eliza Sweeney, lot 5, block 22, Bodie, $100.

Bodie R. & L. Co. to Bodie & Benton R Co., lands, road, etc.

A. Garrard to S. W. Summers, lot 4, blk 5, Williams, $25.

M. S. Wilson to Eliza Dieterich, lot 14, block 11, Bodie, $235.

A. F. Bryant and wife to T. W. W. Davies, lot on north side of Main str, west of School, Bridgeport, $750.

David and Henry Hays, and J. K. Dennison to Ada A. Stewart, lot on s e corner of Main and Kirkwood streets, Bridgeport, $160.

E. F. Gibson, at the Union Fruit and Vegetable Market, Bodie, receives daily, by Express, fresh Baltimore Oysters (at $1 25 per can); also fresh and salt water fish, poultry and game, which he sells cheap for cash. Orders promptly attended to.

A. D. Stewart, Druggist, Bodie, has drugs, medicines, paints, oils, ammunition and cartridges.

DANCING SCHOOL.—Capt. G. L. Porter has opened a dancing school—to be open every Saturday evening.

The fund of the National Land League amounts, as a reserve, to $287,000. A few patriots in Paris have the handling of it. They have a fat thing, and, beyond reach of the blarsted Englishman, they favor agitation and cry for more money—from America.

On the 3d inst., at London, Simmons aeronaut; and Colbrun, of the Royal Engineers, ascended for the purpose of crossing the Channel. The balloon fell into the sea, and both were lost.

The Governor of Mississippi a few days since sent a special message to the Legislature recommending the encouragement of building of cotton factories and railroads.

Gen. Beauregard sued Ben. Butler and Judge Magruder $5,000 each, payable in one year after they get him out.

Last Saturday 47 miners left Virginia City for Sonora, and 100 more were to follow this week.

Gen. George S. Evans tells his friends that he is a candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor.

Early next month a colony of 100 families emigrate to Dakota from Rantoul, Ill.

LICENSES.—The Supreme Court has declared the State License Law unconstitutional. It says: By Section 12 of Article XI of the present Constitution it is declared: "The Legislature shall have no power to impose taxes upon counties, cities, towns, or other public or municipal corporations, or upon the inhabitants or property thereof, for county, city, town, or other municipal purposes, but may, by general laws, vest in the corporate authorities thereof the power to assess and collect taxes for such purposes." " " The power to impose such taxes for such purposes, in our opinion, no longer remains with the Legislature; but the Constitution expressly gives it the power, by general laws, to vest in the corporate authorities of the counties, cities, towns, or other public or municipal corporations, the power to assess and collect taxes for those purposes.

By the new apportionment the North gained 17, and the South 15 Congressmen. The eletoral vote is North 248, South 153. Congressmen, North 204, South 121.

On Tuesday last, at San Francisco, T. H. B. Stenhouse, a correspondent of the N. Y. Herald, died.

On Thursday the Senate passed the Chinese bill by a vote of 29 to 15.

Scoville has severed his connection with the Guiteau case.

The liabilities of the suspended Boston Bank are $2,976,111.

THE name of Maria is so popular in Ottumwa that when a cat climbs a back fence in a well-populated neighborhood and plaintively vocalizes "Mariar!" twenty windows are hastily thrown up and twenty female heads are thrust out, wildly answering, "Is that you, Charley?"—*Ottumwa Press.*

When Susan's music-teacher came,
Between each bar and measure
He wished that she was his, and she
That he was her life's treasure.
And, when the parent paid the bill,
The very wise musician
Would cutely make the items, not
For teaching, but two-ti-tin'.
Yonkers Gazette.

Mic exaggerated the other half of him y speaking slurringly of a bed-tick she had purchased. "You must have gotten it of an Irish peddl r," said he. "There's nothing Irish about it!" reorted she, spiritedly. "Oh! but it must have come from some se l-tick establishment," was his ca m rejoinder.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay loss of manhood, &c, I will send a recipe that will cure you FREE OF CHARGE This great remedy was discovered by a mission ary in South America. Send a self addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station New York City.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

J. L. GREELEY.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW

BRIDGEPORT, CAL.

Practices in all the Courts of California and Nevada. n26-tf

GEO. N. WHITMAN,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

BRIDGEPORT TOWNSHIP.

OFFICE—Court House, n26-tf

Late Commissioner of Patents.

PATENTS.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND SOLICITORS OF AMERICAN AND FOREIG PATENTS FIFTH STREET, WASHINGTO D. C

Practice patent law in all its branches in the Patent Office, and in the Supreme and Circuit Courts of the United s ates. Pamphlets sent free on receipt of stamp for postage. d18-tf

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COLLECTIONS attended to with promptness and dispatch.

Weekly Reports made to Clients.

OFFICE—With J. A. MCQUAID Esq., Court House. n26-tf

A. MAESTRETTI,

LUNDY, MONO COUNTY, CALIFORNIA,

CONSTABLE OF HOMER TOWNSHIP.

Rents and Accounts collected. mh5-tf

TONSORIAL PARLOR.

PROFESSOR HATFIELD,.....Proprietor

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY.

Hair Cutting, Shaving and Shampooing in artistic style.

T. M. DANIELS,

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

BENTON TOWNSHIP, MONO CO., CAL.

RICHARD S. MINER,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

BRIDGEPORT, MONO COUNTY, CAL.

Practices in all the Courts of California and Nevada.

OFFICE—Court House. f28-tf

LEGAL.

NOTICE.
Homestead No. 224.

Notice is hereby given to each.

LAND OFFICE AT BODIE CAL., Feb. 16th, 1882.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said entry thereof at the expiration of thirty days from the date of this notice, viz., On Tuesday, the 28th day of March, 1882, before the Register and Receiver of the Land Office, at Bodie, California, Thomas J. Cochran, for the lot 1, in Section 6, lot 4, in Section 5; Township 8, N. R. 23 E., S. E. ¼ of S. E. ¼, Sec. 31, and S. W. ¼ of S. W. ¼ sec. 32, Township 8, N. R. 23 E., M. D. M., and names the following as his witnesses, viz: Selden Frost, Geo. Watkins, Joseph Carney and J. H. Job, of Mono County, Cal.

f18-5w JAMES E. GOODALL, Register.

No. 261.
Application to Purchase Timber Land.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Bodie, Cal. January 10, 1882.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT whereas John T. Staley, a citizen of the United States, over the age of twenty-one years, has made application under the Act of Congress entitled "An Act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and in Washington Territory," approved June 3, 1878, to purchase at this office N E ¼ of section 30, Township 7, North Range 25 East, M. D. M., containing 160 acres, claiming said land to be valuable chiefly for its timber. And the said applicant having made and filed in this office the affidavit as to the character of said land as required by said Act.

Now, therefore, any and all persons claiming said above described land, or any part thereof adversely to the claim of the applicant thereto are required to file their adverse claims with the Register of the United States Land Office, at Bodie, State of California during the sixty days publication hereof, or they will be barred by the virtue of the provisions of said Act.

Final payment must be made in 90 days from date.

ja14-10w JAMES E. GOODALL, Register.

MISCELLANEOUS.

C. V. ANDERSON.

CIVIL AND MINING ENGINEER

—AND—

U. S. DEPUTY MINERAL SURVEYOR.

BODIE, CAL.

OFFICE.—Main street, two doors south of West & Bryant's store. D-6-tf

$ 2 A WEEK, $12 a day at home easily made. Costly outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

NATIONAL BUREAU OF INVENTIONS.

EVERY INVENTOR SHOULD KNOW

That by the Rules of the Patent Office to procure

PATENTS,

Models are not necessary unless specially called for

Send drawing and specification, upon receipt of which we will make examination at the Patent Office, and advise as to patentability.

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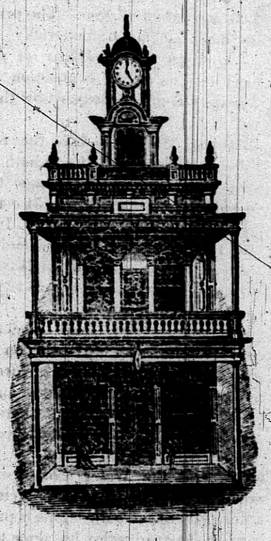

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THE UNION.

BRIDGEPORT, MARCH 11, 1882.

THE BLOOD.

What Causes It to Circulate Through the Body.

(E. L. Fitzhugh, in Popular Science Monthly.)

To what degree the heart is aided by other forces is yet a matter of investigation. Probably there are several forces assisting. The elasticity of the arteries increases their carrying capacity. They are firm, elastic tubes, which expand under pressure from each heart-contraction, and then by their own elasticity contract and help the onward flow of the blood. In the smaller arteries the flow loses the intermittent character it possesses in the larger arteries, and becomes a steady stream. The elasticity of the arteries serves precisely the same purpose as the air chamber of any force-pump, that of equalizing the flow, and so increasing the amount delivered. The whole force is derived from the heart; the arteries cause the force to act continuously.

The veins are lax tubes, somewhat larger than the arteries, and capable of holding all the blood of the body. They convey the same amount of blood as the latter, but more slowly. In the larger veins, however, near the auricles, the velocity may be 200 millimeters per second. They are provided with valves which effectually prevent the blood from flowing backward from the heart. Any compression, produced by muscular contraction or otherwise, will therefore assist the forward flow of venous blood, and this is one explanation why exercise hastens the circulation. The movement of the chest in breathing probably aids the pulmonary circulation, the blood, as well as the atmosphere, tending to fill the vacuum during inspiration.

Physical capillary force is not regarded as an active force in the circulation; but there is an admitted force in the capillaries, resulting from the attraction of the tissues for the arterial blood, containing the required oxygen and nutriment. "The vital condition of the tissues becomes a factor in the maintenance of the circulation." It is this force, primarily, which adapts the amount of blood to the varying needs of any organ; the nervous system regulates the supply by varying the caliber of the vessels.

The force in the capillaries, or some other force, carries the blood after death from the arteries, where the heart leaves it, into the veins. Finding the arteries empty after death gave rise to the idea that they conveyed only air, whence the name. It was this belief which Harvey overthrew in 1620.

A DECORATED HEN.

Did you ever wrestle with a hen that had a wild, uncontrollable desire to incubate? Did you ever struggle on, day after day, trying to convince her that her mission was to furnish eggs for your table instead of hovering all day on a door-knob, trying to hatch out a litter of front doors?

William H. Root, of this place, who has made the hen a study both in her home life and while lying in the embrace of death, has struck up an argument which the average hen will pay no attention to than any other he has discovered in his researches.

He says the modern hen ignores almost everything when she once gets the notion that she is called upon to incubate. You can deluge her with the garden-hose, or throw old umbrellas at her, or change her nest, but that don't count with the fleet and stubborn hen. You can take the eggs out of the nest and put a blooded bull-dog or a nest of new-laid bumble bees in place of them, and she will hover over them as assiduously as she did before.

William H. Root's hen had shown some signs of this mania, so he took out the eggs and let her try her incubator on a horse-rake awhile, just so she could kind of taper off gradual and not have her mind shattered. Then he tried her at hatching out four-tined forks, and at last her taste got so vitiated that she took the contract to furnish the country with bustles by hatching out an old hoop-skirt that had gone to seed.

Mr. Root then made an experiment. He got a strip of red flannel and tied it around her tail. The hen seemed annoyed as soon as she discovered it. No hen cares to have a sash hung on her system that doesn't match her complexion. A seal brown hen with a red flannel polonaise don't seem to harmonize, and she is aware of it just as much as anybody is.

That hen seemed to have thought of something all at once that had escaped her mind before. She stepped about nine feet at a lick on the start, and gained time as she proceeded. Her eye began to look wild. She got so pretty soon that she didn't recognize the face of friends. She passed Mr. Root without being able to distinguish him from a total stranger.

These peculiar movements were kept up during the entire afternoon, as the hen got so fatigued that she swiped into a length of a stove-pipe. This is a triumph of genius in the line of hen culture. It is not severe, though firm in treatment, and, while it of course annoys and surprises the hen temporarily it is salutary in its results, and at the same time it furnishes pleasant little business for the spectators.—*Nye's Boomerang.*

COST AND PROFITS OF TELEGRAPHY.

The figures from the official reports of the Western Union Telegraph Company may help us in our search for cheap telegraphy. The volume of business transacted by the company has increased from 1867 to 1880 from nearly 6,000,000 messages to 29,000,000, or almost five-fold. If all these messages were sent by the single Morse system, the length of wire ought to have increased in something like the same proportion, for it can not be imagined that the operators have gained very much skill in that time. In 1867 there were 85,291 miles of wire. In 1880 there were 238,534 miles of wire. The messages increased nearly five-fold, the wire over which they were sent did not increase quite two-fold. Clearly the duplex and the quadruplex have proved of benefit to the company. In thirteen years the capacity of this company has doubled. What the public telegrams? In 1867 it is quoted at an average toll of 101.7 cents per message. In 1868 it had fallen to 89.3 cents. In 1875 it had come down to 51 cents, or nearly one-half, before the creation of the present Western Union, the average rate, it is said, was $1.29 per message. At the time of the latter statistics cited there were a great number of competing companies, and to send a message any great distance required the payment of a number of different tolls. By the consolidation into one great company one waste was avoided, to the great gain of the company and also to the public. In 1875 the average price is reported at 54 cents—a falling nearly one half since 1867. In 1874 the duplex was introduced a year before, and in 1873 was in general use on all the main lines, and the company's plant was doing nearly a four-fold duty. Did the price fall in like proportion? It does not so appear. In 1867 the price of the raw material from which sulphuric acid was made was $61 a ton, and the selling price of the acid was 2½ cents per pound. In 1880 the raw material was $23 a ton, and the acid 1¼ cents per pound. The difference in the price of acid and the cost of material, it must be remarked, is also affected by improvements in the process of manufacture, the gain being estimated at about 15 per cent. Sulphuric acid and the metals zinc and copper are the chief costs of a battery, and yet the acid has fallen since 1867 from 3 to 1¼ cents a pound. However, we need seek no further in this direction, for within two years a more wonderful step has been taken in this field of science. The dynamo-electric machine, driven by steam power, has replaced the battery, and, according to high authority, reduced the expense of obtaining the required current of electricity at least one-half. In addition to this, it is said that in other directions the cost of transmitting telegrams has been reduced within a few years. For instance, more perfect insulation has been secured, and better methods of construction are employed. The quadruplex system acts as a police by driving the operators up to their work. No one can look over his key while seven pairs of ears are watching him. The price of wire has also fallen materially, and, with perhaps the exception of poles, everything used in connection with telegraphy is much cheaper now than in 1867.

Between 1867 and 1873 the report shows a gain of nearly one-half. Between 1875 and 1880 the average toll is reported to have fallen from 54 cents to 51 cents, or only 10.4 cents. In this time the quadruplex was generally introduced, the price of materials continually fell, and the battery was replaced by the dynamo-machine.

Suppose that by some mechanical means the capacity of the Croton aqueduct had been suddenly quadrupled, and without in any way increasing the size of the pipe. Clearly, if there were sufficient water in the Croton river, the people would get four times as much water, and the Water Commissioners would be fully justified in reducing the water rates to one-half. This is precisely what the quadruplex has done for the telegraph.—*Charles Barnard, in Harper's Magazine.*

DONALDSON'S LAST AIR VOYAGE.

Donaldson's balloon ascension took place July 15, 1875, at Chicago. The aeronaut was Prof. Donaldson, a daring man, who had made a number of air voyages at St. Louis and elsewhere, and again started at Chicago at the time above mentioned, having on his last and fatal trip but one companion—Mr. Newton S. Grimwood, a reporter of the Chicago *Evening Journal*. A large crowd of people witnessed the ascension. The balloon floated out over the lake. The air-voyagers were seen about a dozen miles out in the lake and then they were lost to view. A wind-storm came on and it is supposed that the two men were wrecked with their frail craft. A body was found subsequently on the east shore of Lake Michigan, between Montague and Stony Creek, which proved to be that of young Grimwood. No trace was ever discovered of Donaldson. The catastrophe excited wide interest at the time.

THE Carson *Appeal* solemnly affirms that a Nevada florist has a sunflower which is fifteen inches in diameter, or nearly four feet in circumference.

DETROIT has fifty-five William Smiths and only forty-nine John Smiths.

A CHAPTER ON CHEESE.

Cheese was among the first edibles, and from time immemorial has formed an important part of the food of mankind.

To say exactly in what size, shape and manner cheese was served up to the tables of the most ancient Chaldeans, Egyptians, Hindoos or Chinamen would be difficult, but we have abundant evidence that it was there.

Of the mode of manufacture we know as little.

In those days of primitive ideas and rude instruments, butter was generally churned by placing the cream in a skin which two women shook, much in the same manner as a housewife would shake a carpet to-day, or the more advanced method was sometimes resorted to of placing the skins on the mule's back and trotting the animal along a stony road.

The manufacture of cheese must have equally rude.

Cheese of some kind is made in all countries. The Chinese from time remote have made and consumed cheese made of peas and beans to an enormous extent.

In Saxony the fair-haired rustic often fares sumptuously on cheese made from the potato, his rye bread and pilsener lager beer.

In the green oases of Arabia—those islands of verdure in an ocean of sand—the nomadic tribes, the Bedouins and Arabs, gather the fruit of the date palm, that tree which they believe the angels transported from paradise, which serves them as food and raiment, and, with the addition of several ingredients, make therefrom a cheese which forms a principal article in the food of the caravans, who, either with their fleet horses or the "ship of the desert," wander from place to place as traders or thieves. The difference between either is not very great.

Several districts in different countries have become noted for their cheese, which owes its peculiarities often to the milk and sometimes to the secret in the manner of preparing it.

In Neufchatel the cheese is made wholly from cream.

In Holland, apart from the ordinary cheese, of cannon-ball shape, is the Gouda cheese, which owes its peculiarity of flavor to the hydrochloric acid used in its manufacture.

The flavor of the celebrated Westphalia cheese is obtained by allowing it to become putrid before compressing it.

Parmesan cheese is manufactured in the richest part of the Milanese territory, and is made wholly of skim milk.

Gruyere is made in the cantons of the Alps in Switzerland. The milk of all the farmers is turned into a common stock, and each receives at the end of the season his individual share of the profit.

In England old Stilton cheese is almost as great an institution as the roast beef and plum pudding.

In Chautauqua county, N. Y., there are at least 100 factories engaged in the manufacture of cheese.

But nowhere are there better factories, more excellent products, or a more stirring business than in Ontario.—*Toronto Mail.*

OLDEST HOUSE IN NEW YORK.

It is claimed that the Mabee residence in Rotterdam, Schenectady county, N. Y., is the oldest in the State, dating back to 1689. It occupies a commanding site upon a lofty bluff, overlooking the Mohawk, which at that point is very broad and deep. It is built of stone, with walls thick enough for a castle, and has immense rafters, which once were parts of giant trees of the primeval forest. The original settler was John Mabee, who is supposed to have built the house. The homestead property has remained in the family ever since, and the seventh and eighth generation are now living upon it.

ADVICE that is given away is not appreciated, and it is given away because the giver has no use for it himself.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE proprietor of a Louisville bone factory announces that persons leaving their bones with him can have them ground at short notice.

"WHY is it," asked a lady, "that people lose their interest in church-going nowadays?" "Because they have lost their principle," was the witty reply.

IN some States the evidence of a man who habitually goes fishing twice a year will not be received in the courts. The reason for this bit of judicial wisdom is obvious.—*Burlington Hawk-Eye.*

A BRIDAL couple from Washoe valley, at breakfast in a Reno hotel, conversed as follows: He—"Shall I skin you a pertater, honey?" She—"No, thank you, deary, I have one already skun."

FENDERSON says he has lots of spare time on his hands since he began to attend exclusively to his own business. Formerly he was the hardest worked man in the city.—*Boston Transcript.*

"COME, now, it is time for you to go to bed," said an Austin lady to her little children! "you must go to bed. Don't you know all the little chickens have gone to bed?" "Yes, but the old hen went to bed with them."—*Texas Siftings.*

"THAT soup's full of flies!" exclaimed the disgusted boarder. "I know it," coolly returned the landlady. "And do you mean to go on ladling it out to us?" "It's the best I can do. I can't board folks at $3 a week and pay for fly-paper."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

JEANNE DARC.

France had never—*has* never—been so near extirpation. "The people," as the historian Martin expresses it, "were no longer bathed in their own sweat, but ground in their [illegible] the beasts of the [illegible] they wander, pa[illegible] in quest of a savage. This fervent and [illegible] [illegible] to see [illegible] her own [illegible] [illegible] from called [illegible] with the [illegible] a maid. [illegible] The [illegible] [illegible], in the [illegible] world. A [illegible] secure and [illegible] What this unfortunate country was suffering to bear upon the [illegible] influence of what [illegible] preachers would call a "powerful revival of religion." From bands of reckless and dissolute plunderers she made French soldiers orderly, decent, moral and devout. Hope revived. She made the King believe in himself; she made the court believe in the cause. Men of faith saw in her the expected virgin savior; men of understanding perceived the advantage to their side of having her thus regarded. She may, too (as some of her warrior comrades testified in later years), have really possessed some military talent, as well as martial ardor and inspiration. They said of her that she had good judgment in placing artillery. Later in her short public career she showed herself restless, rash, uncontrollable; she made mistakes; she incurred disasters. But for many months, during which France regained a place among the powers of Europe, she was the glorious presence in the army—a warrior virgin, in brilliant attire, splendidly equipped, superbly mounted, nobly attended; a leader whom all eyes followed with confiding admiration, as one who had been their deliverer, and was still their chief. The lowliness of her origin was an element in her power over a people who worship every hour a Savior who was cradled in a manger. We can still read over the door of an ancient inn at Rheims, the Maison Rouge, this inscription: "In the year 1429, at the coronation of Charles VII., in this tavern, then called the Zebra, the father and mother of Jeanne Dare lodged, at the expense of the City Council."

Her career could not but be brief. When she left home to deliver her country, she had lived, according to the most recent French authorities, seventeen years and two months. Fifteen months later, May 24, 1430, after a series of important victories followed by minor defeats she was taken prisoner under the walls of Compiegne, which she was attempting to relieve. French troops, fighting on the side of the English, captured her and held her prisoner. French priests, in the metropolitan church of Notre Dame, at Paris, celebrated her capture by a "Te Deum." It is doubtful if her own King lamented her loss; for this devoted, dowdied girl belonged to the order of mortals whom the powers of this world often find it as convenient to be rid of as to use. It is probable that she had expended her power to be of service and had become unmanageable. Small, needless matters, charged to her own rash impetuosity, had lessened her prestige. For one fair and wanton Agnes Sorrel the idle King of France would have attempted much; but he made no serious effort to ransom or to rescue the maid to whom he owed his crown and kingdom.—*James Parton, in Harper's Magazine.*

WONDERFUL PHENOMENON.

It is a fact our bump of marvelousness is not largely developed—at least so phrenologists tell us—still we cannot doubt that there are many marvelous things in this little world of ours—many occurrences which are strangely significant, if we could but read them—divine their mystic characters! Witness the following: During the visit of one of the comets to this earth, there was a season of great excitement. Millerism was in its glory. Sights, signs and wonders were the entire order of the day, and no one was qualified for the "kingdom" without ample experience in visions.

Among the multitude of signs and wonders that were announced as having appeared, some Western paper put forth one perhaps that will not be uninteresting at the present time. We think the warning impelled is highly appropriate at this time, and we hope it will strike deep into the hearts of many of our readers. The strange phenomenon is reported as follows:

Mr. Blindman, pilot on a flatboat on the Onio, recently saw a most wonderful sight in the heavens. He was watching, eagerly, the comet's tail, when, all at once, he saw it curl up and form, in big letters, the word

"PAY."

He didn't pay much attention to it, but in a few minutes he looked round again, and saw distinctly, in the same place, the word

"THE."

Astonished at this, he ran below to inform the Captain, and, when he got back, and looked up at the tail, he found that it had changed again, and had formed the word

"PRINTER."

Whereupon he and the Captain marveled greatly, and did resolve instantly to heed the admonition, and as soon as they got home to "Pay The Printer!"

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